

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk

By Derek Heberton

IN June, 1943, H.M. Submarine "Sahib" was sunk by a depth charge during her eighth patrol, following a successful attack on a heavily escorted enemy convoy in conditions which can only be described as ideal for anti-submarine warfare.

"Sahib" had previously penetrated the harbour of Milazzo during daylight, and for this and other patrols which the boat carried out before she went down, the following awards have been made:—

BAR TO THE D.S.C.

Lieut. John Henry Bromage, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

Lieut. Antony Noel Brookes, R.N.

E.R.A. John Foster Hart, P.O. Alexander Churton McCulloch.

E.R.A. Harry Wilson Lees, A.B. Edmund Theodore Hook.

MENTIONS.

Temp. Lieut. Norman Trafford Oldfield Berry, R.N.R.

Tel. George Robert Harmer, Stoker George Albert Lewis Underwood.

forced to come to the surface through damage inflicted by aircraft and could neither dive nor steer a course for home. She fought off continuous attacks by sea-planes, bombers and fighters for more than three hours and caused at least one aircraft to retire seriously damaged. When all ammunition was expended, all secret matter was destroyed and the ship was sunk, the survivors became prisoners of war:

D.S.O.

Lieut.-Com. Peter Noel Buckley, R.N.

Lieut.-Com. Denis Hugh Bryan Barrett, R.N.

Cyril Colman Loder, Warrant Engineer, R.N.

Temp. Acting C.E.R.A. Frederick William Edmund Hammond, B.E.M.

E.R.A. Alexander Stables McDonald.

P.O. Charles Francis Tarratt, P.O. Tel. Joseph John Nevitt.

L. Sea. Charles William Urry, A.B. Ivor Augustus Clark.

FOR gallantry and skill whilst serving in H.M. Submarines "Tradewind" and "Rorqual" in hazardous patrols in the Far East during the period January to May, 1945:—

BAR TO THE D.S.C.

Lieut. John Philip Holroyde Oakley, D.S.C., R.N.

Lieut. Philip Rutter Wood, D.S.C., R.N.

Lieut. Michael Anthony Wilson, M.B.E., R.N.

Temp. Lieut. Maurice Frederick Putnam, R.N.V.R.

BAR TO THE D.S.M.

Acting C.P.O. George Greer, D.S.M.

Lieut. Michael Anthony Wilson, M.B.E., R.N.

Temp. Lieut. Maurice Frederick Putnam, R.N.V.R.

BAR TO THE D.S.M.

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Temp. Lieut. Maurice Frederick Putnam, R.N.V.R.

FOR gallantry, resource and devotion to duty, whilst serving in H.M.S. "Clyde" the following awards are made:—

BAR TO THE D.S.C.

Lieut. Raymond Henry Bull, D.S.C., R.N.

Lieut. John Brian Luard Gilmore, R.N.

Acting C.P.O. Cecil Wilson, D.S.C.

C.E.R.A. Andrew Brunton, B.E.M.

Acting Chief Stoker James Donoghue.

MENTIONS.

Temp. Lieut. William Alfred Cole, R.N.V.R.

P.O. Eric Hiron.

L. Sea. George Harold Kitcher.

L. Sto. Tom Bosworth.

A.B. Clifford Lawrence Ewbank.

"In six patrols in the last year, H.M.S. 'Clyde' has carried out eight special operations under hazardous conditions in the Far East," concludes the citation.

MENTIONS.

Lieut. Jeremy Nash, D.S.C., R.N.

Lieut. Antony Coleman, R.N.

C.E.R.A. Sydney Charles Denham, D.S.M.

P.O. Walter Leafe, D.S.M.

Acting Temp. L. Sea. Ernest Evans.

Temp. Acting L.S. Edgar Godfrey Calverley.

A.B. Percival Joseph Waters.

Stoker Samuel Henry Palmer.

From the "London Gazette," we reprint the above, with congratulations to all concerned.

THE official citation in the "London Gazette" announcing awards to members of the crew of "Shark" runs as follows:—

For great gallantry, steadfastness and devotion to duty whilst serving in H.M. Submarine "Shark." On the 6th July, 1940, the "Shark" was

forced to come to the surface through damage inflicted by aircraft and could neither dive nor steer a course for home. She fought off continuous attacks by sea-planes, bombers and fighters for more than three hours and caused at least one aircraft to retire seriously damaged. When all ammunition was expended, all secret matter was destroyed and the ship was sunk, the survivors became prisoners of war:

D.S.O.

Lieut.-Com. Peter Noel Buckley, R.N.

Lieut.-Com. Denis Hugh Bryan Barrett, R.N.

Cyril Colman Loder, Warrant Engineer, R.N.

HAMPSHIRE



The New Forest, with its 92,000 acres, is not only a forest, but the living place of a scattered community which has been there since before the Norman Conquest. Here you see the Twin Trees and the Rufus Stone, which marks the spot where King Rufus fell mortally wounded by an arrow and was carted away in a charcoal burner's wagon to Winchester.

HAMPSHIRE has got something no other county has got. They do not obtrude themselves. They are content to be what they have remained so long—delightful places. The purpose of which is to act as market towns for the people of the forest and its fringes.

Between Southampton and Bournemouth lies a tract of trees, fourteen miles from north to south and sixteen miles in width, with three or four fairly large towns, many villages, and several heights. That doesn't sound very remarkable, thus starkly stated. But, to those who know the New Forest the name opens up a memory of a place of beauty and of magic, where great beeches and oaks go reaching up to the sky; where sunlit glades invite you to stay a while; where quaint, dwarf-like villages with low white inns seem almost unreal in that vast mass of trees; where you come across a solitary hut in some sudden clearing where a charcoal burner carries on the business of his forefathers.

It is a place where you can walk for miles through long aisles of beeches and not meet a soul, or sit on a wild-flower bank with the stretches of woodland around you, with only the birds and rabbits, or maybe a wild pony or deer, for company. Or it may be you come across the rising-place of one of the several rivers which have birth in its depths, and you muse on the travails that little stream will have before it comes to a great river, or like the sea, and loses itself.

The New Forest, with its 92,000 acres of trees, is unique. For it is not only a forest, but the living-place of a scattered community which has been there since before the Norman Conquest. Sherwood Forest was, I suppose, its only rival. But Sherwood Forest is no longer a forest.

WHERE RUFUS FELL. New Forest—King Rufus. All right, let's get it over. King Rufus, hunting deer near Bramshaw and Minstead one fine August day in 1100, discovered what it felt like to get an arrow in the midriff, but didn't live long enough to express his sympathy with shot deer. And nobody cared, much.

He was carted away in a charcoal burner's wagon to Winchester, where he was buried without much fuss, sedness—by a local man in the And you might have thought that would have been the end of him. But this graceless, historical association, the New Forest is singularly free of "things you must see" and "places you must visit."

Certainly there are towns, such as Beaulieu, Lyndhurst, Brockenhurst, Ringwood, which, for some reason or another, everyone who visits the New Forest goes to see. As it is about the only thing of interest that ever happened in the New Forest you can hardly blame the local people

for making the most of it: especially as it seemed to those who were living at the time just retribution for the savage game laws inflicted on them by the unworthy king.

Putting out of eyes, mutilation of limbs, and being strung up on the nearest tree with his own bow-string were the risks any common man ran if he ventured into the forest with bow and arrow in his hands.

Even dogs were not allowed within miles of its outskirts, with the exception of mastiffs kept as house-guards: and they had to have their front paws de-clawed so that they could

neither chase the deer nor attack them. No wonder they commemorated the spot where Rufus died. There is no doubt that the shooting was an accident, but the commoners cheered or like anything, notwithstanding.

An indication of the manner in which the New Forest dwellers have remained attached to their locality through the centuries lies in the fact that a direct descendant of the charcoal burner who carried away the body of the slain king was living in a hut on land given to the man for his ambulance work, as late as Queen Victoria's reign.

The wooden axle of the wagon used on that occasion was preserved in the hut until the eighteenth century, when the then descendant burnt it in a fit of spleen after it had fallen on his toes.

The Rufus Oak, standing by the scene of the accident, was reduced to a mere stump by souvenir hunters, and that, too, was burned—out of sheer curiosity—by a local man in the eighteenth century.

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called the Courts of Swainmote, and is a town to explore.

Beaulieu, on the south-eastern fringe, Romsey to the north-east, and Ringwood to the west, are all forest towns, though they are all now outside the forest itself, and all have charm.

In writing of the New Forest I have left little space to mention other parts of Hampshire the downs to the north, which if not so famed as the Sussex Downs or the downs of Wiltshire and Berkshire, have great beauty.

I have stood on Inkpen and thought the view one of the most satisfying in the south country. And those great places—Portsmouth and Southampton; they are so vast in size, in history, and in our national life to-day, that they can only be treated as separate entities.

I have no room even for select Bournemouth, nor Christchurch and Gosport, Lymington and Hayling Island; nor even for the Isle of Wight, which is indeed a county in itself.

Hampshire contains, as you see, many different things. But apart from the New Forest, its best is, perhaps, Winchester—that ancient capital of England and gem of English cities.

I know that were I sentenced to Hampshire for three months I should not know one idle day, unless it were spent lying on my back in a New Forest glade, sunning myself on the beach at Lee, lazily watching the slow-moving beetles that are cars on the valley roads beneath the hills, or nestling against the tiller of a small boat in the Solent.

Although, as you may know, that last can be short-lived with a sudden wind from the south-west.

IN ANOTHER "RAIN." As for time of day—there is no time when the forest does not present enchanting views, so long as there is not steady rain. I admit that the forest in rain of that seemingly unending kind is a dismal place and drives you to the comfort of a village inn.

I hope it may be some place like the "Sir John Barleycorn" at Cadnam, that wayside inn with its low whitened walls and long thatched roof, a real inn of the forest people; or to "The Trusty Servant" at Minstead, nearby; or one of the many of such inns which have for generations served the rangers of the forest, and still do, while welcoming the occasional visitor from "abroad."

If the rain catches you at Lyndhurst, you are fortunate indeed.

This capital of the forest lands, with its quiet buildings undismayed by hustling through traffic, is the meeting-place of the Forest Courts, or governing bodies.

Our address still is: "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



BRINGING HOME THE BACON

CAPTAIN Blado laughed as he raked in the pile of reales had ever made. There was a stacked before him on the gaming table, and his shout rang through the saloon.

"Is there any real gambler in the crowd? I'll stake my ship against a hundred reales! Come on, you paro pinto experts! My ship against—"

A white man pushed his way leisuredly through the crowd of the men who thronged the bar and nodded, with a smile, in the direction of the skipper.

"I'll take you, captain! Just pure silver."

Another fool loses his reales," amount of flaw in the metal. called the Chilean barman; and But when the metal was pure the the crowd laughed, while the bars were sent by messenger to captain rattled the dice-box and another safe beyond the compound, called for another bottle of anisado, and the way to this compound

Above the captain's chair, tacked skirted the forest.

to the wall, was a notice that Blado had waited his chance, several bars of silver had that and it had come more easily than he morning been stolen from the had anticipated. It had been quite messenger of the silver mine a few simple.

It was the captain's peculiarity that, though the silver bars were at that moment on board his schooner, he played his game with all his usual bluff and boldness.

No cooler crook ever stepped down a gang-plank to the quay of La Serena than Captain Blado. He was one of the many adventurers who ply up and down the Chilean coast, a receiver of stolen property, an illicit silver "fence," a robber who boasted that no one had ever cornered him yet, and no one ever would.

For several days he had been in La Serena while his schooner lay in the tiny harbour with her crew of half-breeds ready for word to go. And she was going that night on the ebb tide, with the silver bar which was to be sold far up at Panama.

It was the biggest haul Blado Paro Pinto is more than a game. It becomes a craze, a mania. It pokin' around. Up and down the coast. Like you."

But Blado had planned the affair with deliberation, and had executed the plan exactly as he had hatched it.

With other cases of silver bars he had engaged one or other of the Chilean desperadoes for a handful of reales to break into the mine premises, but those bars were not pure silver.

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Blado had waited his chance, several bars of silver had that and it had come more easily than he morning been stolen from the had anticipated. It had been quite messenger of the silver mine a few simple.

A request for a match, a thrust with one of the curved Chilean sheath knives, and the messenger was on the ground, and Blado had stepped back into the forest with the silver, and had taken it by a roundabout way to his ship.

His trail was covered completely. The knife he had used would make the local vigilantes the police—think that the thieves were Chilean roughs.

There were plenty of them who would kill a man for much less than a single bar of silver. Once the loot was aboard his vessel no vigilante could come aboard her, for he was skipper, and could

To get a warrant for search in and the humming-bird skin in his hat which told that he had come from the south. "Been in Chile the coast from Panama to Magellan, long?"

It becomes a craze, a mania. It pokin' around. Up and down the coast. Like you."

Never got to that height, you. Why do you want to get turn the situation to his own

They say this crime has hit up at Mas-a-Fuera, would you?" his position.

"I admit it, skipper."

"I thought so. Folks don't ask for passages like you do unless name."

They did not speak much now for the game was at its height. The player was no match for Blado, and the skipper saw the disappointment pass like a shade over the man's face when they reckoned up the score.

The man opposite him laughed and took up the dice-box, balancing it eagerly for a throw. He threw a one.

He rattled the dice-box and cast an eye over the man as the new opponent drew in a chair. The stranger was not old; he was clad in the nondescript garments of a broken seaman, and he had the air of one of the wanderers of the country.

Chile is rich in adventurers of the broken-down type. "Stranger here?" asked Blado. "Just came in to-day. Seems a stirring place."

The man jerked his thumb towards the notice on the wall. "Oh, that happens now and then," said Blado, noting the rough-neck aspect of the individual

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A 2-day story of Silver bar, a skipper—and a stranger

Blado was an accomplished player through long practice. It was his one distraction, his weakness. That evening he had made every man who sat down at his table limpio. Success came easily to him. In crime, as in gambling, his luck was holding.

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"A matter of a few years. Just you don't want to be landed, my pokin' around. Up and down the coast. Like you."

"Mate?"

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on Mas-a-Fuera. Escaped, maybe. And you're scared the vigilantes will get you here. Well, I'll play you for a passage, but I'm going north. Shoot!"

The man threw the dice obediently, while Blado watched him.

He was wondering how he could turn the situation to his own account. If he gave this man up to the police it would strengthen his position.

"My game, captain!"

The stranger had won. Blado reckoned up the score.

"You're lucky," he said. "I'll keep my word. You get your passage—somewhere north. I sail on the ebb tide. I've got to go aboard now."

They rose, and Blado paid his per to the barman. It was dark outside, and there was a strange stillness in the air.

The wind was coming in from the north-east in short puffs, hot and uncomfortable.

At the harbour they engaged a waterman to row them to the ship. As they reached the deck the skipper turned to his companion.

"You haven't told me your name."

(Continued on page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Who is the Patron Saint of Scotland, and when is his feast day?
2. Complete the pairs: Duck and —; Pork and —.
3. Which of the following are birds? — Pemmican, Auriole, Oriole, Duck-bill, Adjutant, Budgerie.
4. Which is the largest and most populous London borough?

5. For what purpose would you consult "Debrett"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—St. Ursula, St. Hilda, St. Mary, St. Augustine, St. Joan, St. Sophia.

Answers to Quiz in No. 788

1. St. David; March 1.
2. Man; Wells.
3. Finland.
4. 28.
5. To read the speeches in the House of Commons debates.
6. 2/5 cannot be expressed in 16ths; others can.



Know what
You're up
against!
says
JACK GREENALL

THE MOTH.

THE Moth is the butterfly's poor relation, and resides in dress suits, Whitney blankets and Dad's reach-me-downs!

They have a coiled tongue but no frenulum—too bad, just too bad! They begin life, and shouldn't, as caterpillars, eating their silly heads off at anybody's expense; they generally have eight feet—No! no! not ARE eight feet, silly!

Caterpillars have been known to make sharp cracking sounds. I know they have. I've helped 'em.

The Caterpillar of the Tussock Moth—or Whiskers to his pals—badly needs a hair-cut; to my knowledge he's had a close shave more than once!

The Antler Moth is careless; she drops her eggs at random. Hurrah for the Antler Moth; we could do with a few more moths like her! The Bee Moth goes around asking for it. She fools around in hives.

Moths give the world a caning. In the U.S.A. the Peach Moth has got it in for the plum, cherry, peach and apple. In the Gulf States and Central America the Borer Moth socks the sugar-cane. In India the Meal Moth's got the almond on the floor, while in Europe the Corn Borer's got us all against the ropes.

We've even got a Flannel Moth chewing the remnants! George, pass the loofah!

As my Sunday duds drop to bits in my hand, I read a swarm of moths were once seen a thousand miles from land.

While my Harris tweeds can still cling to the hanger, let's pray they're a good ten thousand by this time, and still winging it!

Mrs. Calomil had just been presented with a beautiful new fur coat by her husband. "You know, Oswald," she said as she stood admiring herself in the long mirror, "one really can't help feeling sorry for the poor thing that was skinned for this."

Oswald, who was going through his bank-book to see if he had enough money left to pay his income tax, nodded grimly and said: "I appreciate your sympathy, my dear."

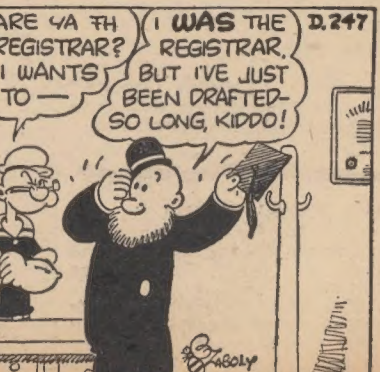
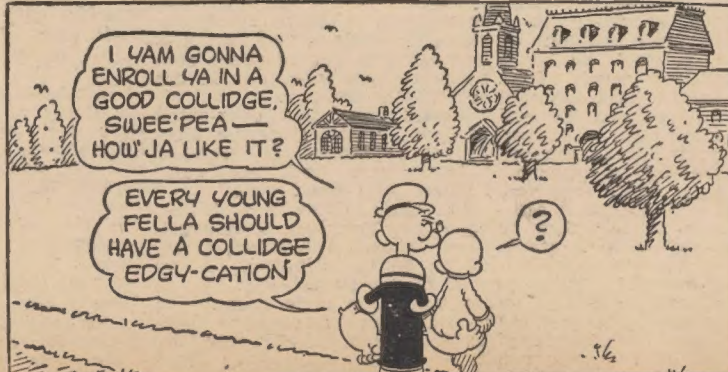
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 727

- 1. Behead braid and get a fairy.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of :omakeseahree-hiry.
- 3. What form of iniquity can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The fisherman gave the net a —, and out fell two —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 726

- 1. N-aught.
- 2. Are there any bananas in the Andamans?
- 3. WAX, FAT.
- 4. Hags, shag.

JANE

Bringing Home the Bacon

(Continued from Page 2)

"Oh, Smith, captain."

"Your real one, hey?"

"That one will do, anyway."

"I see. Are you a good sea-man? Able to take a trick at the wheel?"

"Oh, yes."

"All right. I'll need you. Feel that hot puff of air? That means a storm. We'll have rain, and then big seas, and then wind—lots of it. If it wasn't that I have to go I'd remain here until it had passed. You don't mind taking a hand? Them half-breeds always get scared when it blows hard."

"Now at all, skipper. I'll take a hand any time."

"Good. We'll get away at once."

They had the anchor up at the time. The schooner was heeling over to the seas which were sweeping cathead, and had the bows of over her. Rain was descending the schooner swung outward in in torrents and the billows were quick time, the crew bearing thudding against the bows with on the halyards at the crack of the sound of mighty drum-beats. orders from Blado, who steered. The mainsail was ripped from until they were over the bar top to bottom, the rags flying and on the open Pacific. When in the wind and cracking like the land was well astern he pistol-shots in the fury of the handed the wheel to one of his sudden gale. crew and went below.

"Smith, will you take the wheel?" roared Blado. "I need every man here. The sons of guns haven't looked for the blow as I warned them."

Up to the poop Smith clambered and held down the wheel so that the schooner's head was brought round to the wind. It was lucky they had heard the mainsail rip, for the smashing waves would have broached the vessel to in a few minutes, and she would have turned turtle.

But while Blado saw that the things were being made snug aloft and below, Smith stuck to the wheel, doing a two-

men's job by himself, and not once asking for aid. Blado recognised this when the swift danger was over and the schooner was drifting ahead. He saw that Smith was a man capable of handling a situation, and he made a mental note of the fact. But there was no time for talk just then. The gale which had threatened for some time was not at its worst yet. Every sail—that is, those which had not been ripped—was reefed, the hatches were battened down, the boats were secured, and all made shipshape to meet the coming hurricane.

(To be continued).

ALEX CRACK

Mike: "I saw a man fall from a roof on a wagonload of soda-water yesterday."

Pat: "Killed, I suppose?"

Mike: "No, he landed on soft stuff."

Home Town

TEN "youngsters" all over seventy take a ten-mile walk across Dartmoor every Monday. The leader of the little club is Mr. J. Monk, of 21, Endsleigh Park-road, Plymouth, who is 82.

They carry out their weekly programme winter and summer, hail, rain or shine.

"One of the finest ways of keeping fit," says Mr. Monk.

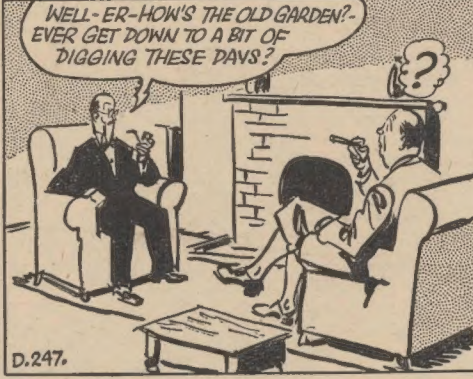
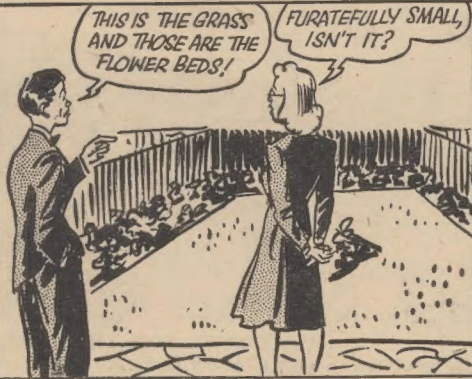
TURTLE.

RICHARD BUCKNER, of Totnes, on holiday near Hayle, found a turtle on the beach, measuring 10½ by 7 inches.

But he got no soup! This unusual visitor was "detained for examination," and is now in the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth. It has a good appetite, mostly for mussels.



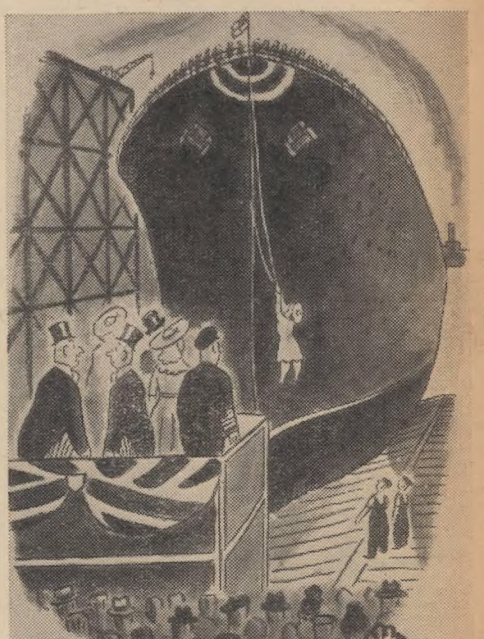
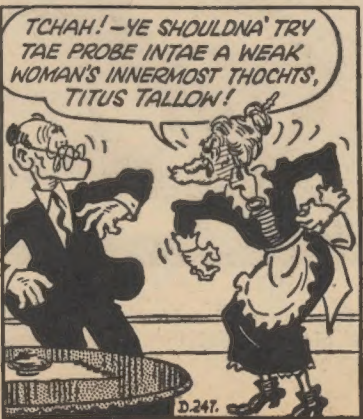
RUGGLES



GARTH



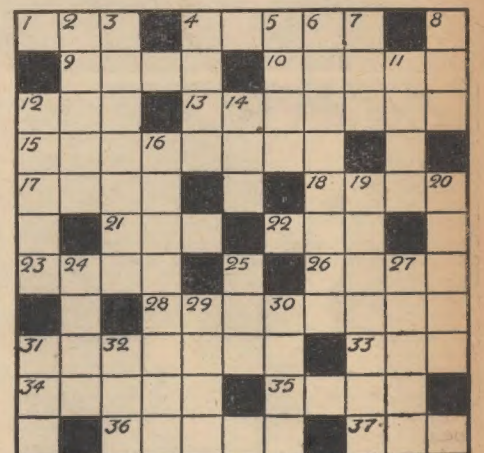
JUST JAKE



"You should have warned her she had to let go of the bottle!"

CROSS-WORD CORNER

FLOP TWIGS
LAVISH SOLI
AREA IAMBUS
WINNING LBS
A O KEPI U
STALK NONCE
T LAIRDS O
OAK NEATEN
UGANDA EACH
POLE PURSUE
GIBES TRY



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Winnow. 4 Ladder. 9 Stem. 10 Scent. 12 Turncoat. 13 Tumbler. 15 Troop formations. 17 Oaper. 18 Piece of glass. 21 Water elf. 22 Moisture. 23 Horses. 25 Protection. 28 Hauling. 31 Fact. 33 add. 34 Was painful. 35 Appear. 36 Possession. 37 Colour.

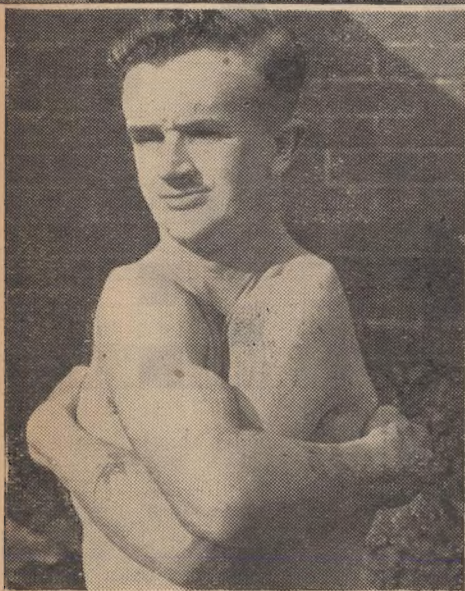
CLUES DOWN.—2 By surprise. 3 Naught. 4 Close. 5 Get for working. 6 View. 7 Cry. 8 Lard. 11 Chief. 12 Tree exudation. 14 Shy. 16 Letters. 19 Was in store for. 20 Happening. 24 Boy's name. 25 Panama. 27 Spacious. 29 Discen- cumber. 30 Swelling. 31 Beam. 32 Triumphant cry.

Good Morning



CURVES IN CURVES.

Don't know precisely what our athletic (and not bad!) friend is doing in that wheel, but she's certainly doing something to us. We're in a whirl, and would like to be in the wheel, whirling with— whoa! Hold it!



WERE YOU RIGHT?

Explanation to the last "G.M." puzzle picture is that George la Cerf was born minus collarbone — but he joined the Yank Army — and movies of George in action have been circulated to medicos. He plays all games, swims, and at nineteen years still has his milk teeth. Wadya know!

Lucky chap — and got close enough to tree-squatting Leslie Brooks to put a ball at her feet. And here's something that has nothing to do with this particular occasion. Young Leslie is — we hardly dare to dash your hopes — the owner of a brand-new baby, brought by the Stork last September.



ANTANDROY DANDY.

The shiny-bright boy of Antandroy is going off to play dark games with his Tottenhotsie-totsie in "Shack 504." And who's that creeping in on his hopeful sister! My, they do enjoy themselves on the equator!



DOWN FOR THE COUNT.

Family trouble in the Gibbon family. Mr. Pa Gibbon came home after a day out with the boys so glotto that all he could do was lie on his back — after Mrs. G. landed him one for showing up like that before the family. Then (wife-like) she told him soothingly it was all for the best.



NERTS TO NEWTS!

"They dressed me up, tied a label on me, and stuck me in this tiddler-catching competition with a thousand other kids. Darn it, they ought to know I've got my own pond, with frogs, and lizards, and all sorts of things that you can't catch from Deal Pier. I think I'll pack up — this is not my idea of fun."